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GENOA UNDER TWO ASPECTS.

TOWARDS the latter part of July, in this present year, circumstances obliged me to repair to Genoa. I had never before visited this part of Italy, and although the cause of my journey—an inquiry into some disputed property left by a relative lately deceased—seemed likely to involve much legal delay and vexation, I was not disposed to complain of what tended to gratify my ardent wish to behold the shores of the Mediterranean. After following the beaten route of Paris, Lyon, and the Mont Cenis, I joyfully found myself, dusty and travel-worn, at Turin, from whence a few hours would bring me to the place of my destination. Recruited by a warm bath and a good night's rest, I set out in the morning, with renovated energies, by the newly opened railway, and soon found ample occupation in gazing at the rich pasture-land through which the train first passed; and then, as the country became more mountainous, in admiring the talent and perseverance displayed in the construction of this line, which had only been completed a few months before. At enormous cost, amid difficulties well-nigh insuperable, through chains of towering mountains, piercing the living rock, has this great undertaking been accomplished; a triumph in engineering art, an era in the annals of the country, the connecting-link which unites Piedmont to the fairest portion of her dominions. About three in the afternoon, as the train emerged from a long tunnel through the Apennines, an exclamation of surprise burst from my lips at the magnificent panorama which stretched itself before me.

The stately Genoa—the queen-like, the superb—rich in palaces and domes, extends in the form of a crescent along the coast, ascending gradually from the bosom of the Mediterranean to the hills in the rear, where noble villas, hanging gardens, terraces, and vineyards are scattered in lavish profusion. Frowningly in the background, bristling with fortifications, and following the curve of the bay, rise her mountain-wards like a girdle of strength, contrasting in their rugged grandeur, their severe outline and barren soil, with the luxurious city at their base, whose tributary waters bear fleets of merchant vessels, laden with the wealth and produce of every clime, to her crowded port. Unclouded, and ineffably bright, the heaven spreads forth in all the bonated beauty of Italian skies, reflecting deep azure tints upon the radiant sea, which quivers and exults beneath its smile.

Onward as we speed, each instant brings us nearer to the evidences of architectural grandeur, for which the environs of Genoa are renowned; so that for miles before entering the city, we seem to traverse a vast

suburb of palaces, encircled by gardens and groves, filled with statues and fountains, orange-trees and myrtles.

On, on we go—the eye dazzled with light and novelty—no abatement in the gorgeous features of the scene, till the movement of the train slackens, the engine's shrill whistle sounds its last discordant note, there is a jerk, a pause, and then the carriage-doors are thrown open, and we are arrived!

Selecting a *commissionnaire* from a host of applicants, and having seen my portmanteau placed on the omnibus bearing the name of the hotel to which I had been recommended, while I declined being summarily deposited within the same respectable conveyance, I set forth on foot attended by my veteran cicerone, who, like all his fraternity, was the reverse of agreeable, and labouring under the fixed persuasion that no English traveller could possibly speak Italian, turned a deaf ear to whatever I proffered in that language, and perversely addressed me in execrable French. Immediately facing the station is the famous Palazzo del Principe, admirably designated as 'an epitome of Genoa,' with fairy-like colonnades and terraces overhanging the sea, where Andrea Doria walked and mused, and to embellish whose interior the graceful pencil of Pierino del Vaga, fresh from the inspirations of his great master, was untiringly exerted. From this, to a piazza commanding the glorious sea, more sparkling, more beautiful, I fancied, in that glowing sunshine than ever sea had looked before; and then down streets where marble palaces seemed so common, that humbler edifices found a place, alternating with gorgeous churches, through whose open portals the smell of incense came forth, faintly mingling with the sultry air, their lofty aisles and gilded domes dimly revealed by the glow of tapers on the altar.

I often lingered behind, till my conductor dived into a lane so narrow, that the tall houses on either side appeared nodding towards each other, and from thence into a labyrinth of streets almost equally confined, impassable to carriages, and yet the most frequented thoroughfares of the town. I was compelled now to follow him with attention, as he rapidly threaded his way through a maze of stalls piled with a profusion of fruit, flower-stands, jewellers' shops, confectioners, with every variety of bonbons, and a motley and never-ceasing stream of priests, soldiers, peasant-women, ladies in the graceful white veil, seen only in Genoa, and long strings of mules—another national, though less pleasing peculiarity—whence, after many perplexing windings, I found myself in a large court with arcades, and was marshalled up a broad staircase of black and white marble to an immense hall, painted in fresco,

where a waiter was in attendance to conduct me to my room.

Having old acquaintances of my family residing in the town, I was spared the miserable sensation of loneliness in a strange land; on the contrary, all smiled upon me, and before many hours were passed, I was forming one of the circle which every evening assembled at the house of one of the leading foreign residents, and treated with the cordiality of a friend of long standing. There was a richness in the decorations, a grace in the furniture of these apartments, which harmonised with the impression the first sight of Genoa seldom fails to produce. Gilded walls, frescoed ceilings, massive mirrors, elaborate mouldings, fresh as when they were first executed three centuries ago; their magnificence set off and relieved, as it were, by the exquisite taste of the charming mistress of the house, who knew how to blend books and flowers, and all the refinements of modern art, with these costly remains of a by-gone era. With that absence of all constraint which springs from habitual refinement, the guests were at liberty to come and go, to converse or to keep silent, as it best suited their taste or the passing mood of the hour. You might either join in the conversation which, in the gay spirit peculiar to foreigners, was touching on all the light topics of the day; or with some graver personage—a retired diplomatist, for instance—a little apart from the rest, engage in a deep political discussion; or else, buried in a luxurious easy-chair, turn over the last Parisian review, or look at the pictures in the *Illustrated London News*. Besides all which, to those who were of a contemplative turn, there was the resource of the open balconies looking down upon gardens and fountains, the plashing of whose waters mingled with strains of music and the hum of voices—that busy murmur of an Italian summer night when numbers of the population are abroad.

It was like a dream of fairytale; nor was my enthusiasm on the next day diminished. The town, so stately and yet so animated; so full of tokens of the grandeur of the past, and as unmistakable in its evidences of the prosperity of the present. No crumbling edifices, no beautiful structures falling to decay, but the magnificent piles to which Genoa owes her name of the City of Palaces, preserved from the inroads of time, still occupied by the wealthy and the great; the streets they embellish thronged by a population which, for all outward indication of well-doing, has perhaps no equal in Europe. The expenditure of the ladies of Genoa in dress has become proverbial, and judging from all I saw, as I sauntered about, enjoying the *dolce far niente*, the taste for display pervades all ranks, down to the sunburnt countrywomen, who, enveloped in mufflers of chintz, never failed to leave it sufficiently open to disclose the numerous windings of gold chain about their necks, and enormous earrings of the same metal, which it is the ambition of every peasant to possess. The Genoese women do not present the strict Italian type—they have not the chiseled features of Tuscany, nor the full rounded forms and flashing eyes of Rome; but, nevertheless, they possess a very attractive character of their own—pale, graceful, with a stately walk, to which their ample flowing dresses and the long transparent *pezzotto* are peculiarly adapted. The military and naval uniforms, too, seen at every turning, added animation to the scene, which, as the afternoon advanced, became diversified with carriages and horsemen repairing to the Acquasola—the promenade of Genoa—whither crowds of gaily dressed people proceeded on foot, and there enjoying the performance of a military band, lounging on chairs, which for a few centimes were procurable, and eating ices at a café in the open air close at hand, I passed the time with some officers, acquaintances I had made the previous evening, till the throng began to disperse to seek the different theatres and places of amusement.

We went to the Opera for one act of Verdi's *Trovatore*, and then I left them to wander about by myself on the now deserted Acquasola, and revel in the beauty of the moonlight, in which the clear sharp outlines of the amphitheatre of mountains which rise around the town was inexpressibly grand. Returning then into the streets, I looked for a few minutes into the illuminated garden of the Concordia—a café where the most fashionable ladies resort after the Opera—and there I saw gay groups seated under the trees, talking and laughing, listening to brilliant strains of music, and enjoying the delicious coolness of the evening; and then taking the longest way to my hotel, I thought I had not before done sufficient justice to the architectural beauties which surrounded me, so impressive were they now in the reverential stillness of that moonlit hour. When I reached my room, and, too excited to think of sleep, leaning from the window, gazed on the harbour with its forest of shipping lying motionless on the silvery waters, that appeared reposing after their radiant gladness of the day; when from the terrace of an adjoining house, I inhaled the perfume of the orange-trees, with their snowy blossoms and golden fruit, and saw the fireflies gleaming amid their foliage; when I saw, and felt, and tasted all this, what wonder is it that my brain felt giddy from the sense of overpowering beauty and fascination, as I murmured: 'This, indeed, is Italy! This is the poetry of life!'

Such were my impressions of Genoa for eight-and-forty short-lived hours! On the morning of the 22d July, a whisper ran through the town, murmured from blanched lips and listened to with awe-stricken faces: 'The cholera—the cholera! It is come—it is come!' Some suspicious cases of this dreaded epidemic had occurred in the arsenal among the galley-slaves at the beginning of the week, but had been sedulously hushed up, in the hope the malady would spread no further; now, however, it had burst forth with sudden virulence, and attacked the military who were stationed there. The panic was extraordinary. Before noon the evil intelligence had spread from palace to hovel, from prince to beggar; and in the streets that evening, instead of the customary gay sauntering promenaders, I saw nothing but anxious-looking groups, discussing the all-engrossing tidings, the word cholera! cholera! audible above the rest.

The next morning rose brilliant, glowing with the magic colouring of sea and sky I had so admired, and found the worst fears of the previous day confirmed. In several parts of the town the malady had simultaneously declared itself. Its existence was now a recognised fact, and the municipality were hastily taking those sanitary measures which an injudicious fear of prematurely exciting the public alarm had hitherto caused them to delay. Temporary hospitals were prepared; commissions of medical men organised; dispensaries where the most necessitous might be supplied with medicines and ice gratis, appointed in every quarter of the town; and orders given, too late, alas! to be effectual, for the removal of an accumulation of stagnant water—a vast deposit of filth and impurities—in the vicinity of the arsenal.

On the morrow, a great increase in the number of cases was known to have taken place, while the popular exaggeration, cowardice, and ignorance, trebled the existing evils. From an early hour, a remarkable movement in the direction of the railway station was to be witnessed, augmenting as the day wore on to a dense mass of cittadines, omnibuses, private carriages, and trucks and carts, laden with baggage. The flight, of which most of the leading Genoese nobility were first to give the example, had commenced and continued unabated for the next three days. It was a regular *sauve qui peut*; merchants left their business, lawyers their clients, teachers their pupils. Out of a population of 120,000, at least 40,000

hastened away, many almost frantic with terror, scarcely knowing whither they were bound, only eager to be gone, rushing as if from inevitable destruction. The quantity of plate and gold ornaments, besides household linen and wearing-apparel, pledged during this period at the *Monte di Pietà*, is said to have been extraordinary—the nature of the property thus placed in pawn under the government security, shewing how great was the eagerness to obtain the means for immediate departure. I saw many poor creatures setting forth on foot, children clinging to their mothers' skirts, the youngest crying in her arms, the father carrying a few bundles—melancholy groups enough, not destined even to escape the death they fled from at such sacrifice, for all the surrounding villages and mountain hamlets where this class of fugitives took refuge, were speedily visited by the pestilence with even greater intensity than the town.

Generally considered, however, this exodus was composed of the more affluent classes, whose absence had the immediate effect of reducing thousands of artisans, porters, workwomen, and others similarly dependent upon daily employment for their maintenance, to the verge of destitution. All commerce seemed at an end. The theatres abruptly ceased their representations; the university and schools were closed; even the numerous buildings in process of construction were suspended, and a large number of masons, starving and disheartened, thrown out of work.

The people watched each departing carriage with folded arms and a look of sullen dogged defiance; the few ladies who remained, whenever they ventured abroad, were gazed on with wonder, and followed by remarks of: 'So you are not gone yet! Are you not afraid to remain here with only the poor?'

The town, lately so joyous, seemed under the evil influence of a spell. By far the greater part of the shops were shut; gaunt, famine-stricken figures replaced the graceful forms which so lately swept along in all the pride of wealth and consciousness of beauty; and the groans and execrations of the discontented rabble were alone heard, where, a few nights before, the stirring music of the band filled the air. The only sights which varied the monotony of the deserted streets by day, were litters and sedan-chairs conveying the sick to the hospitals, or priests bearing the host beneath a silken canopy to some death-bed, but without the bell or torches customary at other seasons, these being wisely ordered to be laid aside for the moment, not to increase the universal feeling of depression. By night none will readily forget how the silence was broken by the rumbling of the horrible death-cart, which began its loathsome rounds long ere midnight, stopping successively before the narrow alleys to receive its fearful burden, which the *beccini*, charged with this duty, had brought thither to await its coming. Those hideous *beccini*, their very name causes one to shudder! Sometimes, half stupefied with wine, they would forget which were the houses whither they had been summoned to repair, and knocked at every successive door in the neighbourhood, with cries of 'Bring out your dead, if you have any; bring out your dead!' And then the livid remains of one, who perhaps had felt no symptom of disease six or seven hours before, were consigned to their rude hands; and borne to the appointed spot, flung carelessly on the pavement, while they departed in search of other corpses, to be as irreverently dealt with in their turn; after which, heaping one dead body upon the other, *sitting upon them even*, awaiting the approach of the cart, they smoked and yelled forth their drunken songs, or proffered their ribald jests. Men of strange, uncouth appearance, half-naked, with matted hair and untrimmed beards, hidden away in foul haunts in ordinary times, never seen but in moments of popular commotion and evil, like birds of prey hastening to the field of blood, from the first

manifestation of the cholera, or rather of the panic by which it was immediately succeeded, they had appeared upon the scene, insolent in their demands, and unscrupulous in their menaces. The municipality, anxious to propitiate them, had retained their services at high rates of payment for these and similar duties—dire results of the prevailing epidemic; and thus having secured their co-operation, devoted themselves to the other exigencies of the moment—providing food for the most needy, and work for the unemployed. To give the civic authorities their due, whatever tardiness there might have been in taking preventive measures, nothing could now be more praiseworthy than their efforts to arouse the courage and alleviate the extraordinary misery of the population. Besides supplying the sick with medicines and ice, as already stated, the finest white bread was daily distributed, to the amount of 1600 francs, equal to £64. This expenditure upon one item per diem continued for upwards of forty days unchanged, and indeed but little diminished at the period at which I write, now the middle of September, may furnish some idea of the sums disbursed. Besides this, broth was provided for the convalescent, and furniture and linen lent to those whose household property, after the death of some member of the family, had been taken away by order of the authorities to undergo the process of fumigation; and in those districts where the pestilence was most deadly, where the squalid and crowded dwellings rival all we hear of the purlieus of St Giles, the inhabitants were removed, much to their own dissatisfaction, to healthier quarters, in large convents temporarily ceded for that purpose—not always with the best grace, it must be owned, on the part of their reverend occupants. In one instance, a few old nuns, who were mouldering away in a convent large enough for a barrack, strongly resisted the invitation to transfer themselves, for the time being, to another sisterhood; at last threats of force became necessary to induce them to comply, when, escorted by gendarmes, they were conveyed in close carriages through the town to their new abode—martyrs to the utilitarian spirit of the day!

In measures of cleanliness, the municipality were also indefatigable. Every lane, and portico, and staircase, over which they held any jurisdiction, being forthwith diligently whitewashed; in addition to which, the walls in the principal thoroughfares were covered with manifestoes and addresses, recalling the absentees to a sense of their duties towards their suffering fellow-citizens, exhorting the feeble-hearted, promising to provide for all children rendered orphans by this visitation, and striving to combat the gross and fatal prejudices of the populace.

Those who have only seen the cholera as it is in England, can form no conception of the features it presented here, where, in addition to the infinitely greater number of its victims, the fear which paralysed so vast a proportion of the community, and the besotted ignorance of the lower orders, added to the horrors of the period. It was, indeed, the pestilence that walketh in darkness—a moral darkness, more appalling than the deepest shades of night; the descriptions of the plagues of the middle ages, with their popular commotions and denunciations of poisoners and witchcraft, being renewed almost to the letter.

From its first appearance, the cry was raised by the disaffected to the Piedmontese sway, that the epidemic was the result of an organised plot, a deliberate course taken by the government to spread a poison among the people, which, by diminishing their numbers, would render them less formidable, less capable of revolt. The propagation of the misma was said to be effected by poisoned rockets, charged with a mephitic preparation, which were let off from the mountain forts at night, and dropped their fatal contents into the devoted city! I have been gravely assured of this as

a positive fact by natives, whose position as clerks and shopkeepers, implying a certain amount of education and responsibility, ought to have rendered them superior to such absurdities; but the blind hatred to Piedmont, which lurks at the heart of every thorough Genoese, made any attempt to reason with them hopeless. As their only extenuation, it must be stated that rockets were certainly seen at night, at intervals, during the first period of the cholera, sent up, it is supposed, by some of those individuals who love to fish in troubled waters, and calculated, by imposing on public credulity, to commence an insurrectionary or reactionary movement; for, strange to say, the two ultra factions of Rossi and Codini are equally suspected of originating this and similar delusions.

Another view of the question—to which, however, the retrograde party can lay undisputed claim—recognised the cholera as a manifest judgment of Heaven upon the liberal institutions, the freedom of the press, and religious toleration, established since the constitution of 1848; while, above all, the parochial clergy took advantage of the moment to ascribe the evils that had come upon Genoa to the spread of the Valdesi heresy, converts to which—or, as it is equally termed, the Italian Reformed Church—within the last twelvemonth have become exceedingly numerous. For a few days, the clouds of persecution seemed gathering, and the Valdesi were under serious apprehensions for their safety, fearing an onslaught headed by the priests, their natural and implacable enemies. Compelled to claim the protection of the authorities in case of an attack, they received such frank assurances of support as reflected the highest credit upon those representatives of a government which contends with no ordinary difficulties in a spirit of dignified perseverance no less uncommon. After awhile, the threatened storm passed over, and the Valdesi commenced an undertaking of a most creditable nature, at a moment when they were almost destitute of funds, and all appeared dark around them. This was an hospital for the reception of Protestant cholera patients, of whatever nation, which has since prospered in a remarkable degree. The zeal and devotedness of the pastor, and his condutor, a Neapolitan refugee, have won applause from those even who were formerly most prejudiced against them; and the courage and unselfish feeling evinced by all those connected with the hospital—the toleration which has led them to draw no narrow distinctions, but to receive all who sought their aid, even to those who were taught to insult and despise them—has told greatly in their favour; so that the Valdesi may indeed be said to have overcome evil with good.

A third, and still more absurd hypothesis, sought to account for the presence of this terrible visitant by attributing it to the malevolence of the physicians, who, wishing to enrich themselves by creating a great number of patients, spread the infection in the town by sprinkling some deadly liquid, which they always carried in small phials, along the streets, whenever they thought themselves unobserved. At the commencement of the epidemic, a respectable man, feeling unwell when he was out, opened a bottle of camphorated spirits he had in his pocket, as a preventive remedy; unfortunately he was noticed, the cry raised of ‘A poisoner, a poisoner!’ and, set upon by the crowd, he would have been torn to pieces in their mad fury had he not opportunely found refuge in a neighbouring guard-house. In many instances, the doctors were forced to drink the potions they had ordered for the sick, to satisfy their relations that they contained no deleterious ingredients. The slightest demur awakened suspicions; and once or twice nearly proved fatal, as the ignorant wretches proceeded to actual violence, and cruelly beat the unfortunate physicians, who narrowly escaped out of their hands.

In all the surrounding villages where cholera raged

to a fearful extent, sweeping away whole families in the course of a few hours, the same misconceptions and prejudices were prevalent, if possible, to a greater degree. In one rural district, the mayor, or syndic, gravely promulgated the opinion, that the germ of the pestilence was a magical compound of *serpents* and *toads*, enormous quantities of which reptiles had been sent from Turin by the railway to Genoa, and were there prepared *secundum artem*, ready for transmission by rockets, or equally efficacious if thrown into wells or fountains! Very recently, at a village about five miles from town, some English travellers, who had gone thither to sketch, were surrounded by a crowd of peasants, who took umbrage at a small bottle of brandy the party had brought to temper the coldness of the water from the mountain-springs. Although they all tasted it, to allay their suspicions, nothing could remove the people's impression that these strangers were poisoners; and pressing on them with angry words and threats, some even pointing their guns with a menacing gesture—the throng increasing till eighty or ninety were assembled—the ladies were thankful to reach the shelter of a country-house, whose proprietor, seeing their distress, at some personal risk assisted them to enter. Then sending off for the police, he kept the doors closed until their arrival dispersed the crowd and set the captives at liberty. O ignorance beyond all conception, most brutish and most degraded! Sad contrasts these to that bright transparent sky, whose influence it seems would be to soften and refine; or, rather, a crying shame to those who uphold the non-educational system for the lower orders, and do not blush to recognise its fruits.

Throughout the duration of the epidemic, the poor shewed the greatest repugnance to being sent to the hospitals; the *very* poor especially preferred dying upon a heap of straw, in a cellar in an Augean condition, to going thither, and often never even sent for a medical man. When they did so, they rarely followed his directions, although, with a wise precaution for their own bodily health, the Genoese Esculapians limited their medicaments amongst that sort of patients to chamomile-tea, olive-oil, and syrup of roses. The remedies the people most affectioned were a famous vermitige, a species of sea-weed; a decoction of ashes called *lessiva*, used for washing linen; or else soot, scraped from their kitchen-chimneys, and mixed with water.

The municipality made every effort to overcome this obstinate rejection of all salutary treatment. By way of an inducement to go to the hospitals, five francs and a new suit of clothes were promised to every patient on his being discharged; and still further to dispel this unhappy prejudice, the king, who came from Turin with his principal ministers, visited them all while the cholera was at its height, inspecting their arrangements, and walking through the sick-wards, addressed *parole di conforto*, as the newspapers expressed it, to some of the sufferers.

These establishments were indeed admirably managed. I went over one through the courtesy of a young Savoyard medical student, who had offered his services in the present emergency, and saw it was most commodious, and liberally conducted. Spacious well-ventilated wards, constant and careful attendance, ice, clean linen, everything the sick could require, furnished in the greatest profusion; above all, the Sisters of Charity, gliding about like ministering angels, superintending the nurses and *infermieri*, themselves giving the medicines, requiring the greatest exactitude, and seeing the physicians' directions minutely carried out. Shrinking from no sight or sound of suffering, familiarised with death in its most repulsive forms, yet never losing that exquisite softness and pitying glance, those gentle modulated tones, which seem their peculiar attribute. Upon the most rude,

the most sceptical, the most debased, these women appear to exercise a heavenly influence; their soft footfall comes soothingly to the sick man's pillow, the rustling of their serge robes is like the fanning of an angel's wing. The very students themselves—gay, reckless, with little care for God or man—are subdued in the presence of the Sisters, and talk of them with a deference in their manner, and indescribable veneration and respect, which speaks volumes in their praise. They pointed out one to me still young, not more than eight-and-twenty perhaps, and beautiful, with large dark gray eyes, that told of having watched and wept; a shade on her calm face, as of sorrows meekly borne, and hopes for ever laid at rest, but serene, sympathizing, self-devoted, awakening unusual interest in all who beheld her. I was told she was a Piedmontese lady of rank, who, from some ill-starred attachment, had given up the world, and entered the order. My informant knew nothing more; her family name, and every other circumstance connected with her past history, being confided only to the superior.

I was conducted through the wards, and admired the perfect order and cleanliness that prevailed. The coverings upon the beds were of unsullied whiteness, and a fresh palliass and mattress were supplied to every succeeding patient. Above each bed was a small picture of the Madonna, and the words *Olio Santo* written beside it. On inquiring what these referred to, I learned it was to certify that the patient had already received the last consolations of religion, including the olio santo, or extreme unction—these rites being hastily administered as soon as the sick were brought in, to avoid the risk of their dying unshaven and unabridged. The physicians lamented this practice, as many were so affrighted at being treated as if in the last extremity—few Italians being ever able to contemplate the approach of death with any degree of fortitude—that they gave themselves up for lost, and died from the sheer effects of terror; but, at the same time, they bore ample testimony to the good sense and courage of the Padri Crociferi, priests of an order which has always shewn peculiar devotion to the sick, under whose spiritual administration the hospital was placed. They mitigated, as far as was in their power, the shock which their duty obliged them to convey; and might be seen leaning over the beds, exhorting their penitents to take heart, and not to give up all hope of recovery. In two other hospitals where the Capuchin friars gave their aid, equal zeal and fearlessness of exposure were to be witnessed; but in those where the parochial clergy officiated, I heard less consideration for the terrors of the sick—a far more matter-of-fact way of getting through their duties prevailed.

At the hospital which I am describing, four physicians, six Sisters of Charity, six Padri Crociferi, two apothecaries, twenty nurses for the female patients, besides a large number of infermieri to attend upon the men, were constantly and arduously employed. The four doctors had their board and lodging found them, and ten francs a day, during the time their services were required. In the height of the disease, they never left the walls, even for a minute, night or day; so rapidly were the sick brought in, so unceasingly was their attendance required. They had not long finished dinner when my friend introduced me, and politely invited us to join them in the Farmacia, where they always repaired to take coffee, in company with the Sisters of Charity and the priests. We were, accordingly, accommodated with chairs in the dispensary, in the midst of a stifling atmosphere of ether, ammonia, peppermint, chamomile, and similar medicaments, chiefly used in the treatment of cholera; and presently from opposite doors four or five nuns, with their sweet worn faces, and three or four crociferi, with a large red cross upon their black robes, made their appearance. It was the general rendezvous and recreation of the

day. Italians must be Italians after all, whether priests or laymen, sinners or saints, and a little conversazione is indispensable. So they sipped their coffee, and talked over the passing events, their most interesting cases, and so forth; the Sisters not speaking much, but assenting in monosyllables, or putting in an occasional remark. As for me, I was taken great care of, and on the recommendation of the chief physician a syrup of rare anti-choleric virtues was prepared by one of the infermieri, who, with his sleeves turned up, had just come in from the sick-wards to take a little rest. As a stolen glance revealed to me the manipulation my destined beverage was undergoing, I uneasily recalled the scenes and duties from whence its compounder came; however, it was no time or place for being unnecessarily nice, and I knew my kind entertainers would have been hurt by any display of repugnance, so I drank the potion with a good grace, and departed with a pleasant recollection—if such a term can be applied to aught connected with the circumstances to which it owed its origin—of my visit to the hospital of La Neve. It was an incident in the monotony of those terrible forty days, when every thought or occupation seemed merged in the all-absorbing gloom cast by the presence of the cholera.

The family by whom I had been so cordially received, and whose beautiful palace so struck me on my first arrival, had set an example of courage and constancy in remaining at their post which it would have been well if more had imitated. Beneath their roof of an evening, a little circle of intimates still continued to assemble, where kindness and hospitality, more precious than all the gilding and luxury around, shed their genial influence. It was a point of reunion to which everybody looked forward; an oasis in the desert of the dreary daily life, to anticipate spending the evening where such a kindly welcome, such unfeigned solicitude in your welfare, blended with so much refinement, was unvaryingly to be found. And there five or six foreigners and English used to meet, the only real topic of conversation—avoid it, or endeavour to diversify it as you would—being the progress of the cholera, of which every one had some new incident to recount, some fatal case that had come under his own observation to communicate. Even that circle was not spared: one or two of its familiar faces were destined to be seen no more, and the realising thus closely the destroying influence that prevailed, was more impressive than all the outward circumstances of horror that had preceded it. A feverish sort of anxiety always existed to see the daily bulletin, containing the official return of cases and deaths, from which a general calculation might be formed of the real state of things. I say *general* advisedly, because it was currently reported, and has since been confirmed on the authority of several physicians of repute, that from twenty to thirty deaths were daily subtracted from the bills of mortality—a weak expedient to mitigate public uneasiness, since the opposite result of a greatly exaggerated estimate never failed to ensue. Up till the 14th of September, when the cases had diminished to eight or ten a day, the bulletins give a total of 2600 deaths; but to this, competent authorities declare, 1000 more may be added. Taking it, however, a little below that number, and estimating the mortality at 3500, a similar proportion of deaths in London, during a corresponding period—calculating its population at 2,000,000, and that of Genoa, reduced by the flight of one-third of the inhabitants for the time being, at 80,000—would amount to somewhere about 87,000. As for the totality of cases, to the 5000 published, several thousand more may be safely added, it being understood amongst all the medical men, that they should only report those which held out little prospect of recovery. I know one physician who, out of nearly 300 cholera patients, reported only 40 where he foresaw a fatal termination.

Indeed, without much exaggeration, it may be said that every one was more or less ill—cramps, giddiness, extraordinary prostration of strength, and the other so-called premonitory symptoms, were so prevalent, that the only pleasure these lugubrious times permitted were mutual railings between friends upon the number of anti-cholera pills or preventive draughts they had respectively swallowed in the course of the day.

Towards the end of August, the state of things began to mend, and confidence seemed gradually returning; the streets became less desolate; the shops were again opened; some of the fugitives took courage to return. Still the general look of the people one sees abroad—the slouching gait, their worn yellow faces—indicate how much bodily or mental suffering they have undergone; and the spirit and joyousness of the scene have passed away—never to resume its former fascination for those who have been impressed by the dark side of the picture, at first sight so fair and so inviting. Well on the whole for them if they can lay the moral to their heart, and remember how soon, after revelling in the beauty, the sunshine, the poetry, succeeded a stern lesson on the realities of life.

HOW CLAY CAN BE TURNED INTO COIN.

We once (pleasant delusion!) thought ourselves pretty well up in the cunning ways of science, and fancied, in common with many others, that after the electric-telegraph, there was not much more to be invented or discovered. But we have been made aware of our mistake, and in a manner at once surprising and wonderful. Though we were not born to silver slippers, we might have walked about in pair every year of our life, if we had but known as much as we know now. There the precious metal lay before our eyes, but we would not open them wide enough to see it.

What was there in clay that we did not know? The use which certain writers made of it in pointing their morals was not unfamiliar to us; and one among them had given us reason to believe, that even an imperial Caesar, when dead, might turn to clay; while others, of a jovial turn of mind, had made themselves merry on the subject of topers moistening their clay. We were not ignorant, therefore, of the morality of clay. Then we knew that alum was got out of clay; that alumina, which is only another name for clay, was the most abundant of earthy bases, constituting no small mass in the structure of the globe;—moreover, that Sir Humphry Davy had knocked down the notion of alumina being an elementary substance, and had demonstrated it to be a metallic oxide. All this we knew; but we did not know that clay contained so large an amount of argenteriferous metal, as to be one of the most valuable substances in nature, instead of one of the cheapest, and apparently the most worthless.

That it is so has been satisfactorily proved within the past few months by M. Deville, an ingenious Frenchman, who has carried his experiments into the metallic constitution of clay further than ever before. Wöhler, a well-known German chemist, had taken a step beyond Davy, and actually made a lump of clay give up its silver, or aluminum, as the metal was called; but it was only in tiny globules, somewhat resembling seed pearls in appearance. The result was in no way equal to the cost and labour of the experiment; still, a fact was demonstrated. M. Deville, however, produces the metal in such quantities, as to make even grave philosophers hold up their hands in amazement. At a late meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, he laid before the learned assemblage long strips of sheet aluminum, ingots of the same metal, and medals of some inches diameter, which had been struck at the Imperial Mint—all of which had been got out of clay by his newly discovered process.

Such a result must be reckoned among the great facts

of science. Let us see how it is accomplished. In Wöhler's process, chloride of potassium was used. The process of M. Deville is similar, but involves the use of chloride of sodium. The substances having been heated in a porcelain crucible at a high temperature, the aluminum is set free, and, to quote the operator's own words, 'there remains a saline mass, with an acid reaction, in the midst of which larger or smaller globules of aluminum are found perfectly pure.'

Proceeding in his description, which we permit ourselves to relieve of some of its technicalities, M. Deville says: This metal is as white as silver, and malleable and ductile to the highest degree. We find, however, on working it, that it offers a greater resistance, from which we may suppose its tenacity to approach that of iron. Cold hammering hardens it, but its former condition may be restored by remelting. Its melting point differs but slightly from that of silver; it conducts heat well; and may be exposed to the air without any sensible oxidation.

We learn further, that aluminum is perfectly unalterable by dry or damp air; it may be handled and carried in the pocket without becoming tarnished, and it remains brilliant where fresh-cut tin or zinc loses its lustre. Neither cold nor boiling water impairs its brightness; even sulphuretted hydrogen, that terrible blackener of plate, finds it altogether insensible; nor does nitric acid, weak or concentrated, act upon it. The only solvent yet known for this apparently indestructible metal is chlorhydric acid, which, by disengaging hydrogen, forms a sesquichloride of aluminum.

Here we let M. Deville speak for himself. 'Any one,' he says, 'will comprehend how a metal white and unalterable as silver, which does not tarnish, which is fusible, malleable, ductile, and tenacious, and which has the singular property of being lighter than glass—how highly serviceable such a metal would become were it possible to obtain it easily. If we consider, moreover, that this metal exists naturally in considerable proportions, that its ore is clay, we can but wish for its being brought into use. I have reason to hope that this will be accomplished, for chloride of aluminum is decomposed with remarkable facility at an elevated temperature by common metals; and a reaction of this nature, which I am now trying to realise on a greater scale than a simple laboratory experiment, will resolve the question in a practical point of view.'

At M. Deville's last appearance before the Academy, in August, in addition to his specimens of aluminum, he shewed one of silicium, which in its texture and lustre had all the appearances of a metal. Here, then, we have another metal added to the list; and who shall now say where discovery will stop? The silicium, be it understood, is extracted from the aluminum, and exists in it as carbon does in cast iron. It is supposed to be ordinary silicium what graphite is to coal.

Now, what are we to think of all this? There being no reason to doubt the facts as we have related them, our first impression is, that we are about to witness a revolution which will affect our commerce, our industry, our science, and our domestic economy. It is already known that some clays contain twenty-five per cent. of aluminum. Who, then, shall set a limit to its production? What a change! The chemist will henceforth have a metal out of which to make his pans, crucibles, and capsules; all indestructible, and all cheap. The platinum pans used in certain manufactures cost £1,000 or more. Platinum is exceedingly heavy, aluminum exceedingly light. The latter is, therefore, eminently useful as weights for chemists, who for minute quantities require a weight which shall neither be too small nor liable to rust. How accurate analyses will be when made in unalterable vessels, and tests may be pushed to the very refinement of delicacy! Then in the art culinary. No more tin or copper sauce-pans; no more brass skillets: all our cooking-

utensils will be made of aluminum, from which will ensue a manifest improvement in public health, to say nothing of gratification to our palate. Decidedly, a new era seems to be opening for cooks and confectioners. And where will the 'silver-fork school' be, when the whole nation, from Cornwall to Caithness, is using silver forks? Will any one ever wish he had been born with silver slippers?

We might fill whole pages with notions as to the changes to be brought about in the industrial and decorative arts. In such a climate as ours, to have architectural ornaments, household articles, tools, and fifty other things, that 'won't rust,' will be an incalculable benefit; and who knows whether we may not see glittering roofs on our public buildings and temples without having to journey to the East? Then is silver to be superseded as a medium of exchange?—and shall we have a coinage of aluminum? The occupation of counterfeitors will be gone. Sir John Herschel, Master of the Mint, is already looking into the subject. Then, again, is there no danger of feverish excitement? Shall we not have a whole army of experimentalists setting to work on all sorts of earths? Will clay farms rise in the market? What are we to do for bricks? Will very fat church-yards fetch the highest prices?—and shall we come to bequeath the mortal part of us to our poor relations for the sake of the aluminum it may contain?

Seriously—we believe that most important results will follow M. Deville's discovery; perhaps far beyond what can be predicted at present. It was just as much a problem, perhaps more so, when many of us were boys, to extract soda from sea-water; and now it is produced in thousands of tons. So, who shall say what is impossible in turning clay into metal? We all know that silver 'was not anything accounted of in the days of Solomon'; and whether such an arteriferous abundance is again to be realised, remains to be seen.

S P E C T A C L E S.

He who walks in London, pursuing his route through defiles of dingy bricks, has a fascinating study in the figures that pass him on his way. There is often a history in a face. One thing he will not fail to note—the strange coincidence which gives a character, independent of neighbourhood or weather, to each city ramble. There are days when every one he meets seems comely or interesting: patriarchal old men lead beautiful little girls; romantic foreigners, with their black hair artistically arranged, seem actually clean; nurse-maids, seized with sudden affection for their quiet little charges, kiss them with ardour; laughing children run after one another, shouting at the top of their voices. He sees young girls, all grace—some looking at him not without interest; some glancing their eyes downwards, conscious of interesting him—all pretty.

There are other days when every one he comes upon is hideous: unhealthy children, born of shocking courts and back slums; impertunate beggars, hideous and impudent; miserable faces, suggestive of vice and starvation; features, full of ugliness and woe. Wherever he goes, these haunt him. Funerals, with a wretched show of penurious upholstery, beadledom, and badly paid, badly executed sorrow, cross his path. He lights upon accidents, and runs the risk of being entangled in a row, in which a besotted, red-nosed thing, rag-covered and dirt-hidden, plays a conspicuous part.

On some days there is an extraordinary demonstration in our favour. People make room as we pass; every one is strangely polite; we are evidently popular; strangers point the way, as if our inquiries were a personal compliment; and if our toes are trodden on, or we ourselves thrown on the toes of others, the

offending parties seem full of contrition, and respectfully beg our pardon. And there are other days when there seems a general conspiracy against us: we are insulted, snubbed, and snapped at; dogs run between our legs, or yelp as we go by; no one moves out of our way; people run against us, and then growl, or swear at us for being so hard. We are looked down upon contemptuously. Fat old women run bump upon us in the midst of crossings, at the moment when angry cabmen are shouting us out of the way. And all this, too, on sunny days and foggy days alike.

Now, I am much inclined to think, that in spite of the law of coincidences and the state of our digestion, much of this is due to our wearing spectacles. I refer to metaphysical spectacles, which magnify, diminish, colour, or decolorise the objects that float before the mind's eye. Incredible as it may seem, none of us are entirely guiltless of spectacles of one kind or other, for these psychological instruments fall into two classes—the permanent or constitutional, and the dependent or subjective varieties. The permanent are tinted by the shade of the character of the wearer, and are apt to magnify and discolour the acts of men of opposite dispositions, parties, or opinions. They invest things with attributes one-sided, strange, or false. The man of science, who views all things through the medium of his ology or orography; the man of art, by the light of his favourite authorities; the man of argumentative temperament, with the searching glance of his critic eye; the poet, with his dreamy, aerial gaze; the practical man, with his *cui bono*—all these have permanent glasses, more or less optically wrong, and yet all the subject of implicit, unhesitating faith.

The dependent vary with the state of mind of the owner: if he is happy, they make everything seem light and cheerful; if sad, they invest creation with a gray neutral tint; if exceedingly enraged, they seem like Iceland spar, to have a double refraction, and to distort everything. And so arise misjudgments, false calculations, and inaccuracies of all kinds.

The permanent glass is notoriously common; indeed, it may be said to be universal. It tends to establish that exquisite diversity of character and opinion so conducive to our wellbeing. It becomes a bore, however, at times. Professor Dingo is apt to chip the stones of buildings with his geological hammer. Talk rapturously of the sea to a friend great in chemistry, and he gives a look worthy of Fadladeen, as he says: 'Chloride of sodium; chloride of magnesium; yes, sir, and chloride of ammonium: a vast repository of all the soluble matters of our globe. It is beautiful to think how the great ocean lixiviates our earth. I have myself detected recently sulphate of copper—blue vitriol, you know.' Here our friend raises his eyes with the look dogmatic.

There now comes up a mechanical genius, full of hydraulics, pneumatics, and dynamics. He is talking something about the specific gravity of the vessel yonder; but his conversation will certainly not rank among the imponderables.

The argumentative gentleman interposes: 'Blue, sir; it is not blue; do you call that blue?—it is green.—Rough, sir; excuse me, but it isn't—calm as a lake: what you took for breakers was very likely a flock of wild geese.—Ships, my good sir; surely you are joking: they are only fishing-boats and barges.'

And now the poet is appealed to. 'Sea, ah, beautiful thing!—

Oh, how sweet it is to wander
By the sea-shore, when the night
Has woed the stars, those eyes of angels;
Gems unutterably bright,
Painting with their golden light
Another heaven on the waters;
Flashing on our startled sight
Eyes brighter than earth's fairest daughters.'

And now comes the practical man. 'Wonderfully cheap and convenient this carriage by water. All very well your poetry, but give me the useful. See how cheap salt is: we get it for a mere nothing out of the sea. Look at our fisheries—our potash and soda manufactures—our iodine. I like to see the sea turned to account. Poetry is all very well for weak minds and sentimental young ladies. I like the practical, the useful—that's all I care about.' The poet, it may be, ponders to himself on the line of demarcation between the useful and the useless. He also wonders whether that which elevates the soul and feelings of the people, is not as important as that which only raises their material condition. He is perplexed, for he, too, has his spectacles, and entertains an indefinite idea of sacrilege when he hears of the transmutation of nature's beautiful works into pounds, shillings, and pence. He views practical men as a set of hedge-clipping, valley-filling, mountain-levelling, forest-clearing, factory-mongers, and forgets that these art-Goths and nature-Vandals fabricate his comfortable clothes, produce his pleasant dinners, and waft him at his command hundreds of leagues away to spots of loveliness and romance.

To turn from the shadow to the substance, from the symbol to the verity, the mention of the *spectacles critical* will at once bring before our mental vision the optical instrument itself, with a pair of cynical orbs peering behind it; eyes never intended, it would seem, for the purpose of seeing, but pre-eminently adapted for quizzing. Men have long known that a white cravat gives an aspect of benevolence, and, of course, a popular reception among masses, fanatical in their admiration of wealthy liberality—they have long been aware that the optic instrument which gives its name to this paper, imparts an air of professional dignity to him who wears it—encircles his brow with an intellectual halo. Their use is not confined to the reviewer, nor, indeed, to the satirist himself. Long ago, Diogenes, the first of cynics, walked this earth, with a lantern to guide him, in the search for an honest man. It was an endless task to such a soul, for his critical spectacles were so awfully powerful, that the world seemed like a demon-land, and its inhabitants monsters. It is not strange that he became in fact what he saw others in imagination; that while he quizzed mankind with spectacles critical, himself became the butt of eternal sarcasm, the classic specimen of the wildest extreme of folly.

There are spectacles of another kind common to every age of life. The babe that smiles in its dear mechanical way when it is pleased, has huge glasses before its pretty laughing blue eyes. It sees them not; we see them not; but could we paint the images that lie upon its budding mind, that float before its tiny imagination, they would be strange unrealities to us beings of stern, veritable life. The old forgotten times, that have a dreamy record in the musty chronicles of history, when giants warred with goblins, or piled mountains to the skies; when every marshy valley was the home of some human reptile or zoophytish monster—those old forgotten times are the pen-and-ink sketches of the world as painted in an infant's eye. Every green leaf is strange and wonderful; every sunny bank, a fairy's home. Undoubted Jacks kill real giants; historic Cinderellas sport slippers of genuine gold—not gilded, nor electro-plated, but massy, gleaming gold; stars are angels' eyes; the moon, a plaything, only far away.

Pupilage succeeds to infancy. The school-boy sports another kind of eye-glass. The world is a huge playground; study, a species of torture; happiness and half-holidays are synonyms. The great optical property of these spectacles is their near-sightedness. I believe a wearer was never known to look beyond the vacation. He is seldom able to see the consequences of neglecting a lesson. Should he be so acute, so far-sighted, as to

foresee punishment, he strives to exhibit counterfeit proficiency, or, it may be, endeavours to administer an excuse with sufficient adroitness. But as to anything beyond—ignorance and its inconveniences—he has not the slightest idea in the world.

A don at cricket; a proficient in marble-playing; a graduate in horse-management and dogdom—these are his heroes. He has thoughts of going to sea, and pines for the life of a Crusoe. He is rarely fond of books. His literary acquirements consist principally in the copying of holiday letters, and the perusal of story-books, reflections and moral passages carefully omitted. Above all, he has not the slightest sympathy with the optic incongruities of his next stage: I refer to the romantic era of human life. Now, the romantic spectacles are really, in some respects, very enviable. The bright tinting they cast over nature, unreal though it be, is full of poetry and beauty. I speak of the milder forms, for the imperfections of vision at such a time frequently amount to absolute blindness. The technical term for such cases is, being in love; and really the assumption of romantic spectacles often produces nothing more or less than acute monomania. The wearer is constantly haunted by some form which he denominates 'thee.' Poetry of the very acme of sentimentality is quoted, or often, it may be, misquoted spontaneously. If constant allusions to the moon, and fondness for moonlight under various circumstances, be criteria, these spectacles impart somewhat of lunacy. The figure I mentioned as haunting the wearer, often bears a strong but flattering likeness to some lady of his acquaintance, whose personal charms, however, are strangely distorted, if his descriptions are to be relied upon. Her teeth become pearls, and her eyes are gems; light hair is transmuted into gold; while red hair is said to be auburn. No wonder the poor youth becomes dejected: so strange a metamorphosis of a friend, and that friend a lady, must be very distressing. Fortunately, however, the glasses which cause the mischief are very fragile—the slightest shock will break them; and this is a merciful provision, for their long continuance is said to end in the breaking of a much more important organ—I refer to the heart, which is reported to have become fractured under such circumstances.

To these succeed, often more suddenly, the spectacles of prose-life. The world, which before was one chaos of alpine peaks and alpine chasms, now takes the form of a vast flat, bounded by bills—tailors' bills, butchers' bills, doctors' bills. This plain is haunted by two fierce harpies—the name of one is Tax-gatherer, the name of the other, Voluntary-contribution Collector. The most singular effect of these prose-life spectacles, is their power of instantly squaring certain numbers: a family of four, for example, will seem to be one of sixteen; a delay of five minutes in the serving of dinner will appear at least five-and-twenty; while the extravagant accounts incurred at the milliner's and silversmith's by the lady we referred to—who, by the by, has now regained her wonted looks, and turned out no angel whatever—seem not only to square, but to cube spontaneously. He looks upon his romantic era as a very silly delusion, and seems heartily ashamed of it. He revels in his morning paper, and has been known to read through the supplementary advertisements with evident relish. He is in a sea of business: to his eyes, it seems hemming him in on all sides. *Respectability* is his motto, and that species of employment which the young call pleasure, his exceeding bane.

Last of all come senile spectacles—the spectacles of old men. As the romantic peer with telescopic gaze into the future, so the aged look back into the past: things were very different when they were young; the world has strangely altered—it is a great deal worse than it used to be; their school-boy lessons, their early labours, their rectitude of conduct, were

colossal. They live in a world of to-day, but it seems like a fresh picture in dissolving views, which mars and is marred by the world of yesterday.

MARETIMO.

CHAPTER IV.

EXPIATION OF LOVE.

WHEN Paolo di Falco had related in detail, though with somewhat less of order than we have adopted, the origin of his passion for Angela Belmonte, and the imprudent step by which, chance favouring, he had been enabled to obtain an interview with her, and become convinced that she, too, loved him in secret, he proceeded more rapidly with an account of the incidents that had led him to the position in which Walter Masterton had found him. Lisa, the maid, not only contrived the first time to smuggle out the young lover without his being observed, but brought the two together often in the private garden. What was to come of all this neither she nor they for some time took care to reflect. Paolo and Angela were happy. They met after the warm hour of noon in summer, when others slept, when even the trees drooped their branches and the birds no longer rustled through the leaves, when the insects ceased their hum and the flowers bent towards the earth. Sitting side by side in the hushed arbour, whilst Lisa, instead of watching, dozed under the row of pomegranate trees, they forgot the rugged path of life that was before them, and allowed their feet to grow tender from much rest. The world swept onward in its march—the machinery of empires jangled with mighty clamour—there were shouts of joy, and cries of anguish, in city and in province; but all these sounds died away in imperceptible murmurs on the threshold of the lovers' paradise. They heard nought, save their own fragrant sighs, the low modulation of their own whispers; or if a warning voice, telling them of life's duties and trials, did sometimes speak to them, they complained foolishly of man's hard lot, and thought themselves the most miserable of beings—they whose hands were clasped together, and who could hear the beating of each other's hearts!

One morning, Paolo was wandering on the beach, thinking of one of those delicious meetings to come, when Luigi Spada accosted him, and after some pleasant accusation of neglect since New-year's Day, warned him that Ascanio, by some means or other, had obtained intelligence of their love, though he did not yet know of their interviews. He had been heard to threaten vengeance, and he was the man to keep his word. This intelligence at once astounded Paolo, and enlightened him as to his true position. He might at any time be deprived of the means of seeing Angela; and the jealous thought struck him, that if they were separated suddenly, one so young, so beloved by her father, and so loving, of all who appealed to her impulses, might easily be induced to forget her vows to him—a stranger, who had stolen into her life unawares. He resolved, therefore, that very day to throw himself at her feet, and beseech her to be united to him by a bond which nothing could break—nothing but death. This was the first time, strange to say, that such an idea had occurred to him. Until then, the innocent beauty and somewhat girlish manners of Angela—perhaps, also, a secret unwilling-

ness on her part, the presence of which he had felt, to commit so formal an act of disobedience—and the oppressive consciousness of the deadly feud between the two families—had contributed to lead his mind away from such thoughts. Now, however, he saw that for an honourable man there was no choice between a secret marriage or an entire abandonment of his claim to Angela's affection. That the Marchese Belmonte would relent was, he thought, hopeless; and he could expect nothing but ridicule and contempt if he took any steps to bring about a reconciliation.

Luigi Spada, as much, probably, from the love of mischief, and a desire to displease a great Neapolitan family, as from friendship to Paolo, entered warmly into the idea of a secret marriage; and said that the Padre Tommaso—a true Sicilian—could easily be induced to perform the ceremony, even at some personal risk to himself. The only difficulty was to obtain the consent of Angela. Her love was certain; but, as we have hinted, he had not studied to give it such a direction. He had acquired a mastery rather over her sentiments than her convictions; or, at any rate, if he had in reality made her whole being vassal to his will, in the fulness of his contentment with the present hour, he had never endeavoured to ascertain the truth. When, therefore, he hastened to that day's rendezvous, it was with many misgivings. He feared that so delicate a child would not dare to face the consequences of her father's anger, the loss of her high position, the vicissitudes of a domestic feud, flight, and perhaps misery.

To his great surprise, when, with much hesitation, he had explained his wishes, and the necessity of what he proposed, Angela said: 'Paolo, I had thought of this before. It is not good for us to remain playing with our happiness like children. When I am yours, I shall be ready to face all misfortune. As it is, we may be torn asunder, and never meet more.'

Then she told of the increasing eagerness of Ascanio's suit, and how of late the young man had seemed to watch her, and how her father used at times to cast upon her a look of grave but vague reproach. What they suspected she knew not; but it seemed quite certain that they had obtained indirect intelligence that her affections had gone astray. Angela had never shewn so much character before.

'I am sensible,' she said, 'that in this matter I am acting against the ordinary rules of the world, which are good rules, but not in all cases. If I had a mother, I would throw myself in her arms, and confess all, and abide by her commands; but my father, though he loves me tenderly in his way, is a stern, harsh man, not much given to take into account the fancies and sentiments of women. He wishes me to marry my cousin Ascanio; and for that purpose will employ any means short of violence. As to you,' she added, smiling half playfully, half sorrowfully at Paolo, 'I know not what he would say to the idea of my marrying you, for it is impossible that the idea should ever enter his head.'

'In this manner it was,' said Paolo di Falco, continuing to relate his story to Walter Masterton, 'that I won the affections of Angela Belmonte, and became her husband; for our marriage took place in a little chapel opening on the private garden, in the broad daylight, not many days after her consent had been obtained. There were present Luigi Spada, Lisa, and Bettina, besides Padre Tommaso; so that there was no lack of witnesses, and it is impossible to deny that the marriage took place. If I had followed my own

impulse, I should immediately afterwards have carried off my bride, and retired to a foreign country; but my friends, who had urged me to the marriage, shrank from its consequences, and advised me to wait, and wait, and trust in fortune. Thus it happened, that one evening after dark, as I was stealing away from an interview with Angela, I found myself, under the garden-wall, face to face with Ascanio. I knew at once that his presence there was not accidental, and prepared to defend my life. I had no weapon, and could trust to nothing but my superior strength. The young man spoke not a word, but after a moment's hesitation, sprang at me. I saw the gleam of a poniard, and heard the sharp stamp which accompanied the thrust aimed at me. By a side-spring I avoided it. We closed—there was a struggle. The knife changed hands more than once; but at length I rose, and my foe remained motionless at my feet. I had some thought of assisting him; but a bright light appeared at the end of the avenue; there were the roll of wheels and the trampling of horses; the governor's carriage, surrounded by servants, was sweeping towards me; so I obeyed the instinct of self-preservation, and hurried away, leaving the body of Ascanio lying among the nettles under the garden-wall.

'The police of Sicily are usually not very active in tracing out the man who has given an unlucky blow; but my secret, as was to have been expected, had been ill kept by so many people. Indeed, as I ran towards my house, I met Luigi, who asked me if I had seen Ascanio. There was no concealment possible. Besides, my rival fortunately recovered from his wounds, and denounced me. Everybody believed I was an assassin, without feeling any loathing for me on that account. All things, they said, were fair in love; for the whole story, with many marvellous additions, at once got about. I remained in my house, expecting every moment to be arrested. Lisa brought me a message from Angela, exhorting me to fly—the first advice women give in moments of danger. I would not do so alone, feeling convinced if I did we should be parted for ever. The day passed by: the rumour in the town was great. Friends dropped in from all sides with officious warnings or encouragements, reflecting the changing colours of public opinion—some saying that I should be assassinated or condemned to death; others, that I should be recognised as the governor's son-in-law; others, I know not what. I did not until then know the multitude of my friends. So great was the excitement, that it assumed at once almost the character of a revolt. The day, I am sure, will long be remembered in Messina. Some of the members of secret societies even thought the moment for an outbreak had arrived. Emissaries were sent off into the mountains. Conspirators came and installed themselves in my house without asking permission. There were crowds before the door, and groups all down the street. Some shirri came in the afternoon to arrest me, but prudently surveyed the ground from a distance. We heard the drums beating to quarters. The garrison was got under arms. I might have escaped over and over again; but I felt my innocence, at least, of the crime imputed to me, and did not sufficiently reflect that the Marchese Belmonte would revenge both the old affront put upon him and the new, under pretence that I had attempted to murder his nephew, Ascanio. At night, the effervescence of the people calmed down, and a strong company of troops came and occupied the street. I suffered myself to be arrested without resistance, and was hurried to prison, expecting to be brought to trial; but the next evening I was put into a carriage, and carried secretly away, well guarded. They took me first to Palermo, then to Trapani, where I was put on board a boat. On the first day of the month of June last year, I was landed on this island; and from that time to the present have remained here without having

once had the opportunity to communicate with my friends, or to hear news of my wife. Once, indeed, the commandant did hint that efforts were being made to have our marriage declared null; but I firmly believe this could not be done without her consent, which she will never give.'

Paolo paused, drew a long breath, and seemed to occupy his mind in convincing himself that his confidence was well founded. He forgot for awhile his object in seeking that interview.

'My friend,' said Walter, interrupting his reverie, 'time is passing rapidly. Let us talk of something practical. Will Mosca join in any plan of escape?'

'Not without hope of an extravagant reward.'

'But does he not fear that we shall scheme something, being thus left together?'

'He believes it to be impossible to evade the watch set over me without his aid; and, perhaps, he is right.'

'We shall see; but as to a reward, I am rich, according to the idea of this country. You have saved my life: my fortune is at your disposal.'

'He is a strange creature,' said Paolo musing. 'I believe his mind has gone astray in its ambitious wanderings, and that he will die a jailer after meditating flight and treachery all his life.'

'But we may act without him.'

Paolo's look brightened.

'Listen,' said Walter. 'I shall leave this place tomorrow. The commandant will not know I have spoken with you. Appear to forget me. Let a month pass away. It is now the fifth of May. On the fifth of June I will, if the weather be favourable—on that success depends—I will be in a boat off the northern side of the island, at the very place where you rescued me. There must be means of descending from the rocks. Can you contrive to be there an hour or two after sunset?'

'I am well guarded,' replied Paolo, not daring to receive this proposal too joyously at first, but hope glistered in his eyes.

'You can escape from your guards and hide.'

'It is possible.'

'Is it certain?'

'It shall be so!' exclaimed Paolo, rising with a determined look. 'On the fifth of June; two hours after sunset; at the end of the point south of where you were wrecked; a boat can run in there: I have seen it done. I may be prevented; but this is the only chance. If I fail—we shall meet in eternity.' He was thinking of Angela. Suddenly he added: 'But in the meantime, there are other things to be done. As soon as they hear of my escape—he spoke of it as already accomplished—they will closely imprison her; and of what use will liberty be then to me? My friend, you must not linger in this neighbourhood. You must go to Messina, and endeavour to obtain speech of her. Perhaps it will be possible to arrange so that we may meet in a foreign land. This is no time for apologies. I ask you to do this. You say you are under obligations to me. I take advantage of them.'

Paolo was much excited, and it was with difficulty that Walter calmed him sufficiently to make him talk reasonably and practically of what was to be done. At length, however, he subsided into almost childlike submission, and listened to the plans explained to him with deep attention. They discussed apparently every possible obstacle and detail; and ample time was afforded them. It was not until near dawn that Mosca came in. He had not intended to allow the interview to be thus prolonged, but had been overcome by sleep. When he told them this, Paolo raised his eyes towards heaven, thanking it for what he deemed a special providence in his favour. Even Walter, more disposed to rely on his own energies, regarded this circumstance as a good omen. Mosca seemed desirous to know what they had been talking about; but abstained from asking, because

he gave them credit for being as cunning as himself. In their place, he would certainly have told anything but the truth.

'Well, gentlemen,' said he, with a hypocritical glance from one to the other, 'the best friends must part, you know. What have you agreed to give me for my risk?'

They had not thought of that matter; but Walter promised that he would send him a handsome present. He smiled, laying little stress on promises; and was convinced that the two friends had contrived some scheme of escape. Their very cheerfulness, moreover, would have told him this. A strange being was that Mosca. He forthwith began to revolve in his mind how best he might thwart their plans. The instinct of the jailer revived within him. Here was promise of excitement—a game of cunning, in which the better man must have the day. Of course, he thought there was no chance of his losing—he, Mosca, who had accustomed himself to the idea that he was the little divinity of that island; that he, miserable wretch that he was, with his white night-cap and perpetual cough, could bind and unbind materially, as he bound and unbound in imagination. A plot in which he was not engaged seemed at once an absurdity and an impertinence.

Walter pressed the hand of Paolo, and felt that it was feverish with excitement. They spoke no more, but exchanged a long farewell glance. The Prisoner walked slowly to the door, turned a moment, looked back—his countenance pallid with emotion, his whole soul beaming through his eyes. Walter answered with a firm encouraging smile; Mosca seemed impatient; and presently the footstep of Paolo di Falco could be heard by the awakened sense of his friend slowly retreating along the corridor. Soon afterwards, a distant door closed, making a strange sound at that silent hour, in spite of precaution; and some drowsy sentinel challenged; but there was no answer.

'Now,' said Walter to himself, 'here is an object for my unoccupied life. That life, which I was idling away, was in jeopardy. This unhappy man, who might have been supposed to be dead to all sympathy, beheld my peril, and saved me, from the generous emotion of his own heart, without prospect of advantage. But it appears that I can at once pay back this immense debt. He is as one dead here; I can restore him to life, and to liberty, and to happiness, if I devote myself to the work. Is there any doubt that I must fulfil all I have promised, and more?'

With the consciousness that he had resolved on what was right, Walter now yielded willingly to the prodigious fatigue which he felt, and which few men besides could have supported with so little outward sign. He fell asleep, and the day was far advanced before he could be roused. First Mosca, and then the commandant himself, came into the room; but it was impossible to awaken him. The Prisoner, before being led out to his usual morning-walk, was allowed, as a special favour, to have a look at his sleeping friend.

'He won't report that,' said Signor Girolamo di Georgio, looking infinitely diplomatic.

Mosca shrugged his shoulders imperceptibly, to express contempt. He had little respect for his superior's talents; and wondered to himself how prisoners could be kept at all if it were not for him.

When Walter at last condescended to awake, it was about noon. He dressed, and finding all the doors open, went down to the commandant's room. The dinner was already on the table; and Signor Girolamo was engaged in discussing with himself whether it would be polite to begin. As he had taken his place, and had tucked a napkin under his chin, it is probable that he had decided in the affirmative. He greeted his guest with much cordiality, and was evidently gratified at having a companion. They dined pleasantly together, talking of many matters; and the commandant endeavoured to persuade Walter to remain a day

or two, to enjoy the sport that was to be had in the island.

'I am extremely sensible of your goodness,' said Walter; 'but my affairs will not allow me. I happened to have a little money in my pocket when I was thrown overboard from the poor *Marc Antoine*; but all my letters of credit are lost. I must hasten to Palermo, and put myself in communication with England. Even an Englishman cannot travel without means.'

The commandant then said, appearing, it is true, rather relieved, that he had almost hoped his guest had been completely penniless. It would have afforded him so much pleasure to place his purse at his disposal. They exchanged formal bows; whilst Mosca, who attended at table, was calculating how much of the money which the Englishman had saved belonged by right to him.

After dinner, a rough-looking sailor came up from the hamlet of San Simone, and reported that there was now a fair wind, and that if they started at once, they might reach Trapani by nightfall. This was welcome news; and Walter having no luggage to torment him—a pleasure which almost compensated for the loss—declared that he was quite ready. Some compliments were exchanged. Mosca contrived to obtain a minute's interview to claim a couple of sovereigns, which he received with a contemptuous air. Walter affected to be disappointed that he could not say adieu to the Prisoner. The commandant was really sorry to lose his company. The little garrison turned out on the esplanade, perhaps in order to shew its strength. These were the incidents of Walter's departure. He was soon descending the steep slope towards the hamlet, wondering to behold the sea, which the day before had raged so furiously, now spreading out like a lake, just ruffled by a southern breeze. All was bright and cheerful. The mountainous island of Favignana, on the other side of the strait, rose glittering in the sun; the far-off shores of Sicily shewed a sharp outline against the blue sky; and the rugged rocks around, with sprinkles of vegetation here and there, seemed clothed in inexplicable beauty. The people of San Simone, which is but a wretched hamlet, came out to see the stranger, but were not allowed to approach near enough to beg or speak; and presently, assisted by two powerful men, Walter got safely, though well wetted, into a kind of yawl, which they had launched when he was seen coming down the hill.

At this moment he happened to cast his eyes towards a point of rock high up to the right, and there beheld the form of a man standing motionless, and looking in his direction. It was the Prisoner, who had lingered there by permission of his guard. They exchanged no signs; such were not needed; but their hearts communed together. Both were thinking of the fifth day of the month to come; both tried to deceive themselves into believing that they had made due allowance for chance; but both in reality firmly believed that what their wills had resolved must be accomplished. Walter, to whom the action was confided, who had to move, and plan, and undergo fatigue, and whose personal interests were, after all, not engaged, felt perhaps more excitement than his friend; but thirty days seemed nothing to him. Paolo, on the contrary, was calmly anxious; but the appointed hour took up its position in the far distance. It became, as it were, the goal of his life; and he prepared himself patiently for a prodigious interval of suspense. Thus the two men separated rapidly—for a favourable breeze soon wafted the boat away from the shore—perfectly confident of meeting again; but the Englishman, who had so much to do, glanced firmly along what appeared to him a short though rugged path, whilst the other gazed out as over an interminable plain. An inactive past seems nothing; an inactive future seems boundless.

Paolo sat on the point of rock until his strained eyes could no longer discern the boat, as it glided over the glittering waters. Then he turned away pale and downcast; and willingly abridging the hours of liberty accorded him, requested to be led back to his prison. He met the commandant on the esplanade. They exchanged grave bows; but Paolo, according to custom, was about to pass on, when Signor Girolamo stepped up, and speaking very civilly, said that he wished to have a few words in private with him.

They went into the commandant's apartment, and both being seated, and the doors being carefully closed, the following conversation took place:

'Signor di Falco,' quoth the commandant, 'although it is against the regulations of the prison that I should afford you the pleasures of society, I hope that in all other respects you have nothing to complain of.'

'Since I have been confined here against all law and justice,' replied Paolo firmly, 'I have been treated as well, I suppose, as prisoners usually are.'

'Better,' quoth the other, with rather a piqued air; 'better, because I never forget that you are the son of a person with whom I once had some friendship.'

Paolo bowed coldly, because he felt sure that no indulgence had been conceded to him but what was authorised by the orders originally given. Neither he nor the commandant knew, though the latter probably suspected, that there was a secret agent in the island,—among the soldiers, indeed—who reported to headquarters everything that passed, even the most minute event, in writing.

'However,' proceeded the commandant, 'this is not exactly what I would say to you, although, in the event of your obtaining your liberty, it would of course be satisfactory that we should part friends.'

As this was the first allusion of the kind that had been made to Paolo since he landed on the island, he believed it possible that his liberation had been discussed, and even ordered. An immense gush of joy filled his heart, and he almost fainted.

'It is now more than a year that you have been with us,' said the commandant, after having in vain waited for an exclamation; 'and I have received a communication which it now becomes my duty to read to you.'

'From whom?' cried Paolo; 'from the Marchese Belmonte? Has he relented?'

'The marchese has sought to do in this matter—directly, at least. Your offence was against the laws; and if you were not brought to trial as usual, reasons of state stood in the way. The communication I have in this desk is from no one in particular. It is addressed to you through me, and I have to request your calm attention.'

The commandant then took out a memoir of considerable extent, and read it; but it was so tedious, and the style was, perhaps intentionally, made so confused and vague, that Paolo remained perfectly bewildered. He sat for some time after the conclusion with his face buried in his hands, and then looking up, beheld Signor Girolamo watching him intently.

'Signor,' he exclaimed, feeling suddenly enlightened, 'I think I know what that means, but am not sure. Will you answer me a question? If I sign a paper denying that I was ever married to Angela Belmonte, accusing all who say the contrary of perjury and calumny, and promising to quit the kingdom of the Two Sicilies for ever, will my fortune and my liberty be restored to me?'

'Well,' said the commandant, trying to look humorous, and laying the point of his forefinger upon the memoir, 'if you have understood that from this, it is a great deal more than I have done.'

'But would these conditions be accepted?' persisted Paolo.

'I believe I may say they would.'

'Then,' cried the young man, starting to his feet, 'tell those by whom you are commissioned to make this infamous offer, that sooner than put my hand to such a paper, I would submit to have it hacked from my body; and that, from this time forward, they may know, that not only do I refuse their conditions, but that I will accept my liberty only as a right which every innocent man can claim.'

The unfortunate Prisoner believed so firmly in Walter's successful exertions, that he was resolved to enjoy the luxury of defiance. His presumption, however, was destined to be at once severely checked.

'As I have already observed,' said the commandant with icy coldness, 'I do not see the conditions you have mentioned expressed in this paper; but I have orders, if you prove refractory, to withdraw from you certain little privileges.'

He had no need to finish. Paolo at once understood the tremendous significance of these words. All his pride vanished; and it was in a humble, downcast tone that he interrogated the speaker, saying:

'They will not surely deprive me of the liberty of breathing the free air on this rock?'

'They will,' was the reply.

Paolo felt as if his heart were grasped by a hand of iron and crushed within him. He had no further power of speech, and remained sitting, looking hopelessly at the repelling face of the commandant. Further remonstrance, besides, he knew would be useless; whatever orders had been issued, would be obeyed.

Signor Girolamo tried to say a few words on indifferent subjects, to shew that the interview was at an end; and Paolo, taking the hint, retired. Mosca, who met him in the corridor outside, had a strange look in his face; but he said nothing whilst the two soldiers, who usually conducted the Prisoner to the door of his room, were with him.

They went along the passage some distance, and then instead of ascending, descended.

'This is not the way?' murmured Paolo, feeling a chill like that of death come over him.

No one answered. Mosca descended still, and Paolo, with the soldiers behind him, followed. He at first thought he was about to be cast into a dark dungeon, and felt a momentary relief when he was ushered into a small chamber, nearly bare it is true, but lighted by a barred window, that opened on the moat. The punishment of his obstinacy was deprivation of the glorious view which he could previously enjoy, even when confined to his prison. There was nothing for him now to see but a bit of sky above, a bare wall in front, and a succession of green pools below, where the frogs leaped, and the flies buzzed all day long.

The soldiers retired, and Mosca remained in the cell.

'Signor,' said he, with ill-concealed triumph in his tones, 'what an annoying thing it would be, if you had formed a plan of escape with that mad-brained Englishman, just as you were about to be caged up in this way!'

Paolo was too desperate to be diplomatic. He turned his back on the jailer, and was soon immersed in thought, which brought its share of consolation.

He was sure from this offer that Angela was standing out against the tyranny of her friends; and he was equally sure that his refusal had been taken as a matter of course, and that, whatever projects were entertained, there was no idea of fulfilling them until he had been tortured into submission. Although, therefore, it seemed hopeless to suppose that he could carry out the somewhat too simple plan of escape which he and Walter in their enthusiasm had agreed upon, yet this indirect intelligence from Angela—this assurance so unwillingly conveyed to him—that she was bravely fighting for his honour, and nobly cherishing his love, when it had fully come home to his heart, seemed to fill that narrow cell with perfume and light. A moment

of ineffable happiness was vouchsafed, and regardless of the presence of Mosca, who watched him intently, he buried his face in his hands, and wept—not tears of despair, as that sordid and narrow-minded spectator thought, but tears of joy and gratitude.

OUR FIRST VISIT TO THE CZAR.

THERE was bustle and excitement on both sides of the Thames on the 10th of May 1553, for on that day three ships, commanded by some whose names figure honourably on the roll of England's naval worthies, dropped down the river from Ratcliffe to Greenwich. Whither were they bound? It could be no ordinary departure that attracted so much attention, made the common people break out into cheers, and drew the court to the windows of the palace to watch the passing vessels. Nor was it. The day, indeed, was a memorable one to many on board. They had—as old Hakluyt tells us in his historical narratives, related with all the vigorous simplicity of the old story-tellers—they had ‘saluted their acquaintance, one his wife, another his children, another his kinsfolk, and another his friends, dearer than his kinsfolk;’ and now, ‘being all apparelled in watchet, or sky-coloured cloth, they rowed amain, and made way with diligence. And being come near to Greenwich, where the court then lay, presently upon the news thereof, the courtiers came running out, and the common people flocked together, standing very thick upon the shore: the privy council, they looked out at the windows of the court, and the rest ran up to the tops of the towers.’ The ships hereupon discharged their ordnance, and shot off their pieces after the manner of war, and of the sea, insomuch that the tops of the hills sounded therewith, the valleys and the waters gave an echo, and the mariners, they shouted in such sort, that the sky rang again with the noise thereof. One stood on the poop of the ship, and by his gesture bade farewell to his friends in the best manner he could. Another walks upon the hatches, another climbs the shrouds, another stands upon the main-yard, and another in the top of the ship. To be short, it was a very triumph, after a sort, in all respects to the beholders.’

Such was a leave-taking in the days of Edward VI, when one-half of the globe was a perfect mystery and marvel to the other, and people were ready to believe in giants, in men with eyes in their breast, in snakes with two heads, Sindbad’s roc, or any other monstrosity. They thought it worth while, too, to institute a search from time to time for Prester John. No wonder that crowds ran to behold with their own eyes the daring seamen who were going into unknown regions, perhaps to see sights that would fill them with terror or admiration.

The ships here mentioned—of which the largest was not more than 180 tons—comprised the expedition commanded by Sir Hugh Willoughby, whose terrible fate throws a melancholy interest over the early history of northern discovery. He and his crew were the first victims of the grim Frost King—stricken down, as though to warn future explorers from his icy dominions.

The vessels were fitted out by ‘certain grave citizens of London,’ who, fearing the decay of trade, resolved to attempt a passage to China—or Cathay, as it was then called—by the north-east; and so checkmate the Spaniards and Portuguese, who were at that time pushing their discoveries in the west. They consulted the famous navigator Sebastian Cabot, who drew up a set of advices and instructions, which are as remarkable for their large and liberal views as regards the general conduct of the enterprise, as for shrewd practical common sense in minor particulars. Under such auspices, the ships were ‘prepared and furnished out, for the search and discoverie of the northerne

part of the world, to open a way and passage to our men for travaille to newe and unknownen kingdomes.’ The ‘grave citizens’ had vitality enough to perpetuate themselves, and still exist as the ‘Muscovy Company.’

During the warm months that followed their departure, the adventurers made good progress. Sir Hugh Willoughby got so far to the north, that he struck the western coast of Nova Zembla, and sailed along it for some distance. To him, indeed, belongs the honour of the discovery of that ‘desolate’ land, for he was the first Englishman, if not the first of any civilised nation, to visit its shores. A gale, which broke out shortly afterwards, separated the ships; in September, Sir Hugh, with two out of the three, took refuge in the mouth of the Warsina, on the coast of Lapland, where he and his crews, seventy persons in all, perished from cold and hunger before the winter was over. Remembering the names of his vessels—*Bona Esperanza* and *Bona Confidentia*—there seems a cruel mockery in his fate. Shall we ever hear of a parallel catastrophe in the case of Sir John Franklin and his 150 unhappy companions?

The third ship, the *Edward Bonaventura*, commanded by Richard Chancellor, had better fortune. After the gale, he sailed to Wardhuus, in Norway—the appointed rendezvous—and waited seven days, when his consorts not arriving, he determined to prosecute the voyage alone. His project was, however, opposed by ‘certayne Scottishmen’ whom he fell in with, and who used every argument they could think of to dissuade him. Only think of Scotchmen being found in that remote place at such an early period! How did they get there? But Chancellor was not to be dissuaded: ‘A man of valour,’ he said, ‘could not commit more dishonourable part than for feare of danger to avoyde and shun great attempts. . . . remaining steadfast and immutable in his first resolution, determining either to bring that to pass which was intended, or to die the death.’

Chancellor’s courage was shared by his crew: they willingly placed themselves under his guidance whithersoever he should lead, knowing ‘his good-will and love towards them;’ and so they put to sea. Now, says the old chronicler, they held on their ‘course towards that unknown part of the world, and sailed so far, that they came at last to the place where they found no night at all, but a continual light and brightness of the sun shining clearly upon the huge and mighty sea. And having the benefit of this perpetual light for certayne days, at the length it pleased God to bring them into a certayne great bay, which was of one hundred miles or thereabout over. Whereinto they entered, and somewhat far within cast anchor; and looking every way about them, it happened that they espied afar off a certayne fisher-boat, which Master Chancellor, accompanied with a few of his men, went towards to commune with the fishermen that were in it, and to know of them what country it was, and what people, and of what manner of living they were. But they being amazed with the strange greatness of his ship, began presently to avoyde and to flee; but he still following, at last overtook them, and being come to them, they (being in great fear, as men half dead) prostrated themselves before him, offering to kiss his feet. But he, according to his great and singular courtesie, looked pleasantly upon them, comforting them by signs and gestures, refusing those duties and reverences of theirs, and taking them up in all loving sort from the ground. And it is strange to consider how much favour afterwards in that place this humanitie of his did purchase to himself. For they being dismissed, spread by and by a report abroad of the arrival of a strange nation, of a singular gentleness and courtesie; whereupon the common people came together, offering to these new-come guests victuals

freely, and not refusing to traffic with them, except they had been bound by a certain religious use and custom not to buy any foreign commodities, without the knowledge and consent of the king.'

The 'great bay' into which Chancellor sailed, is now known as the White Sea, though for some time after its discovery it was called the Bay of St Nicholas. Here our countrymen soon learned that they were in 'Russia, or Moscovie,' of which land Ivan Vasilwitsch was emperor, or, as we now say, czar. The ship was anchored in the western mouth of the Dwina, and the governor of the place sent plentiful supplies of provisions on board, and shewed much good-will to the strangers, but refused to trade with them until he knew the pleasure of his sovereign. The news of their arrival, we are told, was 'very welcome' to Ivan; 'insomuch that voluntarily he invited them to come to his court,' promising to defray the expenses of the journey, and gave full liberty to his subjects to trade with the foreigners. His messenger having by some mishap gone astray, Chancellor suspected the governor of making vain excuses for delay, and at last set off on the journey of 1500 miles to Moscow, to visit the monarch whether or no. He had travelled some distance when he met the royal messenger, who had lost his way, and Ivan's letters at once removed all difficulties. So eager were the Muscovites to obey their ruler's orders, that for all the rest of the journey 'they began to quarrel, yea, and to fight also, in striving and contending which of them should put their post-horses to the sled.' In consequence of which, Chancellor and his companions arrived speedily and safely in Moscow.

A favourable reception awaited them; and after ten or twelve days spent in rest, and in viewing the city, they had audience of the emperor. 'Being come into the chamber of presence,' says the narrator of the interview, 'our men began to wonder at the majesty of the emperor; his seat was aloft on a very royal throne, having on his head a diadem or crown of gold, apparellled with a robe all of goldsmith's work, and in his hand he held a sceptre, garnished and beset with precious stones; and besides all other notes and appearances of honour, there was a majesty in his countenance proportionable with the excellency of his estate.' The great officers of state stood round about, they and the whole apartment glittering with gold and jewels; but Chancellor, 'being therewithall nothing dismayed, saluted' and presented the letters from King Edward. These were read; and then, after some brief conversation, the Englishmen were invited to dine with his majesty, which they did two hours later, in the 'golden court'; and saw such prodigious numbers of gold and silver goblets, casks, dishes, and other vessels, and such a multitude of attendants, as filled them with amazement, and, doubtless, made them well content at being the first to open a trade with so rich a country.

The result of the interview was, that Ivan sent his visitors away with a letter in reply to those which he had received, declaring he had in all amity ordered, that wherever Sir Hugh Willoughby and the missing crews might be found, every attention should be paid to them; that if an envoy were sent to treat on the matter, English 'ships and vessels should have free mart, with all free liberties through my whole dominions, with all kinds of wares, to come and go at their pleasure, without any let, damage, or impediment.' With this missive, which bore the great seal, Chancellor returned to England, and thus commenced the British trade with Russia.

The 'grave citizens' were not slow to follow up their advantage; and while ships were sent out for the exchange of commodities, others were especially employed in further discoveries in the same region, for, above all, they hoped to find the passage to China. Succeeding explorers traced the extent of the White

Sea; and sailing through the narrow strait which separates Waigats Island from the main, discovered the Sea of Kara, and made persevering efforts to reach the mouth of the Ob. To the English and the Dutch, the Russians are more indebted for these early discoveries than to themselves. For a century or two the White Sea was the only way by which they could communicate with the rest of the world by water.

THE MONTH:

THE LIBRARY AND THE STUDIO.

THE LIBRARY.

The dullest month of the whole season has just passed away. Always dreary and unsociable, the dead season in London has this year been more than ordinarily gloomy and depressing. The fine genial weather of itself allured from town almost everybody not absolutely compelled to stay; the fear of cholera drove away the remainder. Never, in modern days, was London so deserted. The traffic, even in the principal thoroughfares, underwent visible diminution. Even the omnibuses felt the influence of the general gloom, and went about empty and uncared for by everybody, except those cheerful-looking people who, with carpet-bag, portmanteau, and *Bradshaw* in hand, were intent upon reaching some railway station or steam-boat wharf, and leaving far behind the huge slumbering and smoky city.

As to books—unless vilely printed on bad paper, bound in flimsy glaring colours, and sold for a shilling—they have found no readers lately; but when thus produced, have been extensively purchased and perused. The public taste just now for shilling-books is in some respects a strange one. That good books—books that have endured the test of criticism and of time—should be in high favour at such a low price, is natural enough. But to judge by the flimsy and worthless productions which are at present so eagerly purchased, it would seem as if the contents of a book were of no consideration, so that the price did not exceed the now popular amount of one shilling. All works seem alike to the publishers of these cheap editions. Old novels, that ought to have been allowed to remain quietly in the grave of forgetfulness, into which they had long fallen, are hurriedly disinterred, and arrayed in gaudy attractive covering, intended to give an appearance of vitality to the lifeless form it covers. Books, in fact, that were never considered worth reading before now, seem suddenly to have become possessed of wonderful merit, which had hitherto been hidden. From time to time, an attempt is made to get up an excitement in favour of some new book, generally of American origin—*The Turncock*, *The Open Open Sea*, or some such title—which, we are assured by preliminary puffs, will create as great a sensation as the famous work of Mrs Stowe. Recently, a number of so-called comic books have made their appearance, and although containing much less matter than the ordinary reprints, are extensively purchased. The comicality of these books, however, like the attractions of a show at a fair, generally seem to be confined to the outside. The cover is the most humorous portion of them.

Much as the shilling-books are read, there is another form of literature which is read still more, and that is the literature of the newspaper press. The public mind is absorbed in the great question of the day. All other questions are comparatively disregarded. Even news of the latest date, and of the most interesting description, unless from the seat of war, finds few readers. Everybody is thinking about 'great victories in the Crimea,' and 'the fall of Sebastopol'; and while these topics continue to engross so much attention, and to form such inexhaustible themes for speculation and comment, there is little chance of less exciting subjects obtaining more than partial recognition.

The dead season of literature is, however, now fairly passed; and though, perhaps, the note of preparation is not quite so loud as on previous occasions, we have evidence that authors and publishers have not been altogether idle. Among new books published, or about to be published, may be mentioned a work, entitled *Thirty Years of Foreign Policy; or, a History of the Secretarieships of the Earl of Aberdeen and Viscount Palmerston*. By the author of the *Memoirs of Mr Disraeli*; which, if it be written in the trenchant style of the writer's previous work, will no doubt prove very interesting, if not instructive. Then we have in preparation a *Memoir of James Montgomery*; *The Literary Life and Correspondence of Lady Blessington*, which ought to be a readable book; and a *History of Turkey*, from the journals and correspondence of Sir James Porter, fifteen years ambassador at Constantinople, with a memoir by his grandson Sir George Larpent.

The works of Alexander Smith, whose *Life Drama* attracted so much attention a short time since, have found favour with the critics across the Channel, having recently been noticed at some length in an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Extracts from the poem are given in French prose, but as the translations do not appear to be very masterly, French readers will not have the best means of judging of the young poet's merits. Alexander Smith is said to be at work upon a new poem, which is expected to appear in the course of a few months.

Another illustration of the worse than useless effect of a state censorship of literature has recently been exhibited at Florence, where a work upon the horrible and revolting subject of the Cenci family, having been prohibited by the authorities, has become so popular that it surreptitiously circulates everywhere. The work is by Guerazzi, the patriot protector and dictator of 1848, but now an exile. It is said to be another addition to that class of literature which is known as *l'école satanique*. So great has been the sensation it has created in Florence, that we are threatened with an English translation, now reported to be preparing in London. Such work would be a suitable companion to some of the shilling reprints which are at present in such high favour.

While upon the subject of reprints, special and honourable mention ought to be made of Mr Hepworth Dixon's *Life of John Howard*, an edition of which has just been issued at a price that will place the work within the reach of the humblest. Mr Dixon's work not only shews great and laborious research, but a spirit in harmony with the subject is visible throughout. To this, the fourth edition, many additions have been made, and a new preface which it contains adds to the interest of the whole. In this preface Mr Dixon relates some of his early experiences in literature. After having written the *Life of John Howard*, he looked about for a publisher. But his name was unknown, and no publisher was willing to take the work. One said the subject was too old, another that it was too new; and so on, until, worn out and dispirited, he offered to give the book away. Fortunately, as it proved, this offer was declined; and shortly afterwards a publisher was found who was willing to take the book in hand. In a year afterwards, it had reached a third edition!

The *Life of Lord Metcalfe** is a work that forcibly claims attention. Charles Metcalfe was born at Calcutta in 1785. He received his education in England at Eton, and at a fitting age went out to India with a writership. In 1801, he obtained his first appointment, and thus may be said to have commenced a career which, although not very brilliant or exciting, led

him on, step by step, until he obtained a seat in the council, and a salary of £10,000 a year. During the interval between the resignation of Lord William Bentinck and the appointment of Lord Auckland as his successor to the governor-generalship of India, Mr Metcalfe filled provisionally the vacant post. Afterwards, having succeeded to a baronetcy by the death of his brother, he returned to England, expecting, no doubt, to spend the remainder of his days free from official cares; but in 1839 he was offered the governorship of Jamaica, and he accepted the appointment. The state of the island was far from satisfactory; but by the wisdom and moderation of his administration, he succeeded to a great extent in reconciling opposing factions, and in improving the condition of the territory he had been called upon to govern. Returning to England after two years' rule, he was again called into active employment, and in 1843 went to Canada as governor-general. The same ability he had displayed in Jamaica, enabled him to grapple with the difficulties which beset his government in Canada. He found that country still suffering from the convulsions of civil war: he left it tranquil and contented, having succeeded, by his judgment and firmness, in curbing the violence of party, and endearing himself even to his opponents by his kindness of heart and his gentleness of disposition. In 1844, upon the representation of Sir Robert Peel, he was raised to the peerage, and returned to England shortly afterwards. He never, however, took his seat in the House of Lords. An illness, from which he had for some time suffered, increased with his increasing years, and in 1846 terminated his life. Mr Kaye's book, although occasionally heavy reading, is carefully written and industriously compiled. It is, on the whole, a good history of a man who owed his success, not so much to striking ability or great genius, as to laborious industry and steadfast perseverance. As such, it will be a welcome addition to our biographical stores.

THE STUDIO.

The British Association, which this year held its pleasant annual gathering in Liverpool, has not been altogether devoted to learned lectures, agreeable excursions, or business meetings. Some of its members held a meeting of another kind, and with a different object. A monument to Sir Isaac Newton has long been determined on, and it seems that £1300 has been subscribed. The committee, in the expectation that additional sums would be received, delayed active operations, and waited for the increased amount that it was hoped would be obtained. It has now, however, been determined to commence the monument at once. A piece of ground at Grantham, where Newton was educated, and near to which he was born, has been offered by the town-council of the place, and the committee have resolved to accept the offer, and to erect the memorial upon that spot. The sum already subscribed is believed to be sufficient for the purpose; but as additional subscriptions are expected, it is supposed that a surplus will remain after all expenses are paid. This surplus the committee have resolved shall be appropriated to the promotion of scientific purposes. More success will attend the originators of this memorial than is usually the case, if they find themselves with a surplus in hand after all the accounts are closed.

There has been another meeting at Liverpool, and for a somewhat similar object. It has been felt that as St George's Hall, just inaugurated, is a building which the great seaport town may well be proud of, some testimonial to Mr Elmes the architect would be an appropriate recognition of his genius in designing such a noble edifice. A subscription has, accordingly, been commenced, the mayor heading it, and a considerable sum has been collected. Mr Elmes is dead, and is said to have left a widow and family by no means

* *The Life and Correspondence of Charles Lord Metcalfe. From Unpublished Letters and Journals preserved by Himself, his Family, and his Friends.* By J. W. Kaye. 2 vols. Bentley.

well provided for. If such be the fact, the testimonial certainly should not be represented by marble or bronze. Surely here is a case where the best way to honour the dead would be to succour the living. When that is done, it will be time, perhaps, to think of another kind of monument. At present there appears to be only one course open to the committee, and that, doubtless, they will not fail to take.

It seems that the demand for pseudo Raphaels, Correggios, and Titians, manufactured in London garrets, and sold to unsuspecting purchasers as 'genuine originals,' has been for some time on the decrease. The branch of British industry which produces these pictures having evidently fallen into disrepute, the dealers in it have taken up another branch of the same business. Instead of the 'old masters' being their staple commodity, our own living artists are their principal stock in trade. Imitations of the modern school are unscrupulously sold as genuine, and many delighted purchasers have congratulated themselves on the bargains they have obtained. A sale of pictures of this kind is said to have taken place recently at Birmingham, the lots selling at prices that ought to have convinced buyers that they were being imposed upon. The demand for pictures by known artists is so great, that it is utterly impossible such 'bargains' can be otherwise than spurious. On many occasions recently, Art Union prize-holders have made ten or twelve selections from the Royal Academy, only to find in each case that the pictures had been already disposed of. Such has also been the case at all the other exhibitions. It is calculated that £150,000 has been paid for pictures exhibited during the last season. Purchasers would do well, therefore, to be on their guard when modern pictures are offered them at very low rates.

Scarcely a week passes that we do not receive some strange news of the doings of our American sisters. One time we hear of a lady-physician practising, and in high repute; another time, it is a Bloomer pedestrian engaging to walk a certain number of miles in a certain number of hours. The last intelligence of the kind that has reached us, has reference to a young American sculptress who is studying at Florence. This lady, who is only twenty-two years of age, has already distinguished herself by executing several admirable busts. She is now at work modelling an ideal statue, in which occupation she will be engaged during the greater part of the winter. She has taken a villa, and labours unceasingly, moulding in clay or drawing designs. Miss Hosmer—such is her name—seems to be entirely devoted to her art. She rises very early, bestows little attention upon her toilet, and after working until she is tired, goes out alone upon horseback. She performed the journey from Rome to Florence in this manner recently. She is said to give every promise of becoming famous as a sculptress.

A monument to Chantrey the sculptor has just been erected at his birthplace, Norton Green, near Sheffield. The monument consists of an obelisk of gray granite, twenty-two feet high, and is from the design of Mr Philip Hardwick, R.A. It bears the simple inscription: CHANTREY. Apart from his great and original merit as a sculptor, Chantrey well deserved such a testimonial as that which has just been erected to his memory. With no aid but his own genius, he succeeded in elevating himself from the position of a milk-boy to one of wealth and reputation. How he struggled to accomplish this is well known. Nothing but the most ardent love for his art could have sustained him against the difficulties he had so long to contend with. For eight years he laboured manfully, without making £5 by his labour. At last, however, a change came. He executed a plaster model of Horne Tooke; and commissions to the amount of £12,000 shortly afterwards were given to him. In very brief time, he was

compelled to raise his price for a bust from 80 guineas to 200! What a proof we have in these facts, that true genius, if it be only faithful to itself, will ultimately force its way, despite of every discouragement and obstacle! Chantrey doubly earned the honour which is now bestowed upon him.

Another monument, which has been for some time talked about, is, it is said, at length to be erected. The monument is to Dr Jenner, the originator of vaccination, and is to consist of a colossal bronze statue. The subscription-list numbers many contributors, foremost among whom is Prince Albert for £25. Mr W. C. Marshall, R.A., is to be the sculptor. In conclusion, I have only to add, that Sir Edwin Landseer has been commissioned to paint a portrait of the Duke of Devonshire; and that the speech of Sir Archibald Alison, respecting Baron Marochetti, at the recent inauguration of the statue of the Queen at Glasgow, has not given much pleasure in artistic circles. Notwithstanding that the historian of Europe declares Marochetti to be 'one of a million,' several British sculptors are believed, in many quarters, to be quite equal to him in talent, if not superior.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

WRITTEN FOR A GAELIC AIR.

We fain would know the hallowed spot
Where that true heart has found its rest;
We fain would know the varied lot
Which from that heart such utterance pressed.
Vain is the wish! Time's ruthless wave
Has worn away the Minstrel's grave.

His place on earth no man can tell;
His very name has passed away;
The land and race he loved so well
No tribute to his worth can pay—
Save that from kindred spirits wrung,
Which feel as he has felt and sung.

But though no outward trace remains
To mark his fate, his nobler part
Shall live in his immortal strains—
Those strains which each responsive heart
Will kindling seize, and glad prolong,
In his own dear-loved land of song.

Sweet be thy sleep! Where'er thy dust
Is laid, in earth, or ocean's cave,
Thy soul is now in peace, we trust.
A nation's heart shall be thy grave;
Thy nameless spell is o'er us cast,
Thy work remains, thy toil is past.

J. M'G.

LONDON A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

London was then only winter-quarters, and at the time of which we are speaking, when it went out of town—which it did in May, and returned in October—the fashionable world at first resorted to Islington, 'to drink the waters,' to Hampstead or to Chelsea. Swift, in his *Journal to Stella*, repeatedly alludes to 'Addison's country-house at Chelsea;' and on taking lodgings there himself, talks of the beautiful scent of the new-made hay around, and says he gets quite sunburnt in his journeys to and fro; and whenever he stays late in London, he congratulates himself on having no money, so that he cannot be robbed on his way home. That this was no burlesque, the following confirmatory extracts will shew:—'Many persons arrived in town from their country-houses in Marybone.'—*Daily Journal*, Oct. 15, 1728. 'The Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole comes to town this day from Chelsea.'—*Ibid.—Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*.

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